Punishment

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Punishment

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Summary

“I’m sorry, Sir,” Will mumbled, just a tad more respectful. His volume hadn’t helped. Beverly shot him a knowing look, anyway.

“You’re certainly going to be.”

Notes

For the wonderful essa who put forward this delicious little prompt on the kinkmeme: "Will verbally lashes out at Jack at a scene and immediately regrets it. Hannibal has been acting as his dom and it's expected that he'll reprimand Will with a stern spanking. Will thinks Hannibal will do that when they get home. But Hannibal does it right there in front of everyone."

We've based this in a world where everyone is bio d/s, so either a sub or a dom. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

“Dammit, Jack I am *not a child!”* Will yelled, fists dropping in frustration, slapping against his thighs. “I don’t need my damn hand held, I don’t need to be micro-fucking-managed when you call me in on a case!”

“Then do your fucking *job* , Will!” Jack replied, just as frustrated, only louder. “Open that goddamn mind of yours and *look* at the things I’m showing you!”

“I’m trying, Jack, I’ve been trying since you dragged me out here and you just won’t *shut up* .”

There was a ringing silence for a moment, before the forensic team returned to gathering evidence, their plastic suits crinkling as they bent, slippered shoes hushed over the leaf-littered ground. Will swallowed, yanking his glasses off his face and rubbed his eyes, muttering to himself to calm down just *calm down* …

“Will.”

“ *What* .”

Wrong tone, wrong word, wrong man to snap at. Will chewed the inside of his lip and glanced back over his shoulder at Hannibal, who stood with hands clasped at his front, feet shoulder-width apart. Entirely unimposing, except that Will knew that pose, he knew that tone, and he knew he was in for hell when they got home.

“Sorry, I’m trying.”

“Not hard enough, it seems.”

Will winced. He supposed he earned that. He wasn’t *thrilled* that Hannibal had started to lecture already, but they had rules about rudeness. With anyone, but *especially* with Hannibal himself. “I’m sorry, Sir,” he mumbled, just a tad more respectful. His volume hadn’t helped. Beverly shot him a knowing look, anyway.

“You’re certainly going to be.”

Will’s face flushed a bright red. While he had carefully kept his voice low, Hannibal spoke at his normal volume. It didn’t matter to Will that half of them had gone through the same thing; no one he worked with needed to know what Hannibal sounded like when he was disciplining Will.

Hannibal turned, walking the few feet towards his Bentley. For a moment, Will thought he’d upset him enough that he was giving Will the silent treatment; and the thought made him suddenly nauseous.

The truth was somehow worse. Hannibal opened the back door, settling himself sideways on the seat. Will knew what he was going to do a second before he did it, his red face going pale as Hannibal patted his thigh. “Come here, Will.”

Will's eyes cast quick over the entire scene, the people in it, the bloody mess at the center of it that he was meant to be looking at, that he had been summoned here to *see* . Any time he met someone's eyes, they looked away, even Jack, though as a Dom he had every right to look wherever he wanted at whomever he wanted.

"Perhaps after work, Sir -"

"Will."

His stomach tightened just from the word alone. He could hear the subtle difference between this 'Will' and the one that had caught his attention right after his infraction. It was getting lower. Colder. Rougher. A direct correlation to what Will's punishment would be should he continue disobeying.

He knew better.

He'd been getting better.

He stepped nearer, enough that he had the scene at his back and Hannibal before him, but not close enough for the man to reach out to draw him closer.

"Please, I'll finish, I'll be good, and then -"

"Now, Will." Hannibal replied, unfazed, eyes on Will when Will's where anywhere but on him. "Do not make me ask again. I promise you will not enjoy the outcome of that gamble."

Will was very certain he wouldn't. He and Hannibal were both wearing belts, and they were surrounded by trees with plenty of springy branches to cut. He took the last few steps, until Hannibal could reach out and drag him closer by his belt loops.

"We've had this discussion before, haven't we, Will?"

"Yes, Si- No!" Will grabbed for Hannibal's hands, stilling his fingers where he had begun to undo Will's belt and the button of his slacks.

"No?" Hannibal asked, one eyebrow raised. "No, we haven't discussed your attitude time and time again?"

"No, I mean, we *have* , but-" Will stammered, glancing over his shoulder to see how much attention they were drawing. Hannibal gripped his chin and turned him forcefully back.

"They are not the ones who deserve your attention right now." Hannibal shrugged off Will's grip, his deft fingers undoing the button and sliding his zipper down. Will panicked, pushing forward until he was straddling Hannibal's legs, preventing him from stripping Will.

"Please, Sir, we can do this at home."

"We can also do it right here."

"Not with my pants off!"

“Will you continue to argue with me?” Hannibal asked him, looking up impassively at his trembling boy. His lips had parted in panic, breath coming quick. He knew that for Will, it was the public display that scared him, not the punishment itself; Will had a wonderful tolerance for pain. He raised an eyebrow, watched Will’s panic manifest itself in a shuddering sigh.

“Please, Sir, may I take my punishment at home?”

“No.”

“ *Please* ,” Will whispered. “I will take it, threefold -”

“The longer you continue to argue this, the higher the chances that you will take your punishment here and at home, Will, think carefully.”

“Hannibal, please -”

The slap rang sharp enough to pull eyes to them from the scene before people turned discreetly away. Will bit his lip and closed his eyes, keeping his head turned where Hannibal’s backhand had put it as he caught his breath. He knew it would get worse the longer he argued. He knew how cruel Hannibal could be if he felt there was a need for it.

“I’m sorry, Sir,” Will breathed.

“Stand up,” Hannibal replied, unnecessarily straightening out Will’s shirt lapels as though nothing had happened. “Give me your belt.”

Will’s breath hitched. He pulled away from Hannibal, hands trembling as he slipped his belt from its loops.

Hannibal took it from him, folding it in half. “Slacks and underwear, Will.”

Will couldn’t decide if it was worse to have Hannibal strip him like a child, or to have to do it himself, knowingly exposing his backside and a bruise in the shape of Hannibal’s teeth on his thigh to the people he *worked* with. When he left his clothes around his knees, Hannibal shoved them the rest of the way down.

“Step out, Will.”

“But-“

“You aren’t going to want them back when we’re done here.”

Will bit his lip. He didn’t want to argue, not again, but some things had to be said. “Hannibal, I can’t work the crime scene without pants.”

“I don’t intend for you to be in any condition to work the scene at all, and Jack can take that up with me all he likes.”

It should have made Will cringe, a promise of a punishment more thorough than he'd felt warranted. Paradoxically, it made him feel safer. Hannibal would handle Jack, and all Will had to do was be good for him.

Will's nod stuttered and he bit his lip before crouching to work loose his boots and toe them off before he obeyed Hannibal's command. He dropped his hands to cover his crotch and tried, *tried* , not to look sideways at the scene to his left. He didn't look at Hannibal either, but for entirely different reasons.

"Bend over, Will," Hannibal prompted, spreading his thighs to accommodate him. "You may choose if you face the people you work with or for them to see how well your skin takes the belt."

Will bit back a whimper. He couldn't decide which was worse; keeping his eyes on the group of people who were about to witness his humiliation, or turning his back to them so they could see *what* Hannibal did to him. He clenched his fingers into fists and licked his lips before carefully turning his back to the crime scene.

It was somewhat awkward to assume his proper position with the Bentley's door in the way, but Will found a way to fold himself against it that still allowed him to properly arch his back for Hannibal. He buried his face in folded hands and bit down against his sleeve.

"You know the rules, Will," Hannibal told him, tone still that same cool pitch it had been since the beginning, still loud enough for others to hear. Of course it was. "You know I cannot abide rudeness from you, regardless of circumstances. You are mine, and should carry yourself as such no matter what or who goads you. It reflects badly on me."

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"So you say." Hannibal replied, carefully folding the hem of Will's shirt and jacket up to rest above his tailbone. "Ten times you talked back to me, this evening alone, Will, did you know that?"

Will paled. He hadn't been counting, but of course, Hannibal had. Hannibal was always fair with Will, and affectionate when it was just the two of them, but he was also the strictest Dom Will had ever met. He had never once been one to let something slide; he said Will would never learn without a hand to guide him.

"No, Sir," he whispered, "I'm sorry."

Hannibal hummed. "Ten times. Five per infraction is our usual standard, isn't it?"

"Y-Yes, Sir." Fifty strikes with the belt. *Fifty* . Will had experienced it before, but that did nothing to ease his nerves. No wonder Hannibal had made him strip; Will would be calling out of work for days.

"Given the sizable amount, I won't make you count. I would like you instead to be more focused on what it is you did to earn them." Hannibal rested the folded strip of leather right over the seat of Will's ass. "You recall my punishment for struggling, don't you?"

“Yes, Sir. I’ll be still.”

“Very good.”

Hannibal was not one to warm Will up, not when he’d been digging himself deeper and deeper. He struck hard, Will muffling a groan in his sleeve. Then again, and again, searing stripes of pain across Will’s skin. At the eighth, Will’s voice broke on a wail his sleeve couldn’t contain.

His feet slipped on the leaves beneath them just slightly and Hannibal paused in his punishment to help Will adjust back to the proper position. His skin was already bruising, always so good at taking color when Hannibal beat him. He looked up briefly to the scene nearby, catching the eyes of three before they all abruptly looked away.

Two, he knew, were submissives, and one was without a Dom. The third was a Dom, which tilted Hannibal’s lips in a smirk before he returned to thrashing Will for his misbehavior.

He allowed his boy to breathe at fifteen, slipping a hand into Will’s hair to scrape lightly against his scalp as he gasped and sobbed into his sleeve. “At ease, Will, take a breath for me.”

Will did, barely, letting himself sink heavy onto Hannibal’s lap for just a moment, shaking with adrenaline and pain. The only boon of such a loud punishment was that Will couldn’t hear his colleagues behind him when he was being whipped. Now he could. The quiet shifting of feet, murmurs of quiet conversation, a flash of scene cameras -

“Sir -”

“You have taken fifteen,” Hannibal told him, still working lazy patterns into Will’s scalp. “You have quite a way to go, still.”

“I know,” Will whimpered.

“You’ll remember this, the next time you think being in public means you can behave however you like. “

“Yes, Sir.” Somewhere out of sight, Bev said something that made both of her usual companions laugh and Jack grumble. Unable to tell what they were laughing at, Will’s paranoia got the better of him, and he stiffened. “Sir,” he whispered, “are they looking?”

They were indeed, occasional peeks snuck between working, which had been the point. For Will, the humiliation would be a far better deterrent than any number of strikes. The laughter had been unrelated, but if it helped the lesson stick, so be it.

“That’s of no consequence to you. Back into position.”

Will whimpered, raising back onto his toes, presenting his red and bruising backside for Hannibal to admire. He really was a good boy, when he chose to be.

Will hurt. He was burning, skin taut as Hannibal delivered painful stripes over his skin. He'd wanted to keep his composure, but as Hannibal hit twenty, he began to cry. It was never going to end. Hannibal was going to whip him forever, because Will was bad, because Will could never watch his mouth, and Will clutched at Hannibal's calf as apologies spilled from his lips.

And then it stopped. Hannibal's hand rubbed soothing circles over Will's lower back, his other hand back up in Will's hair, massaging his scalp. "There we go, Will. Deep breaths for me."

"I'm sorry -"

"I know," Hannibal murmured, drawing warm palms down Will's thighs until he fell heavy to Hannibal's lap and sobbed, shaking. "You always take punishment so well, Will. you very often learn from it, too. I hope you'll remember this lesson with particular clarity."

"Yes, Sir, I will, I'm sorry -"

"Breathe,"

Will did, stuttered and shallow but he did. He wondered if he'd lost time, in his panic and shame, he wondered if his mind had protected him from the worst of the humiliation by letting him float through the last lashes that would have brought the count to fifty.

Surely not.

Surely he hadn't just dissociated when he was *meant to* be present for his beating, meant to learn from it.

"Twenty-five is quite sufficient for the moment," Hannibal added, as though reading his mind as he kept stroking Will's hair. "I will have you over the desk for the rest when we return home."

"Th-thank you," Will mumbled, unable to stop how hard he was shaking, how his tears kept slipping from his eyes even though he'd closed them tight. "I'll be good, I'll be good for you,"

Hannibal hushed him again, stroking Will's hair and back until his breathing evened. Then he guided Will to stand, keeping him resolutely facing away from the scene, and helped him into the back of the Bentley to lay on his stomach, stretched out. Hannibal shouldered off his coat to cover Will with it and closed the door.

Hannibal took his time straightening his tie and vest, running palms down his chest to ease the fabric into place. He flicked an invisible speck of dust from his pants and straightened to make his way back to the scene he'd pulled Will from.

"Jack," he started, coming to stand near the man as he directed his team towards a certain crucial detail. "Might I have a word?"

Jack followed him a few feet away, looking smugly pleased. “Doctor Lecter. I have to thank you for handling Will so firmly. He’s been getting out of hand lately, I was about to call and ask you to punish him, myself.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. Slowly, Jack’s smile faltered.

“I'll have to ask you not to do that, Jack. The discipline of my submissive is entirely my domain. Will does not submit to other Dominants, and I have never asked him to.”

“Doctor Lecter,” Jack said, sounding flustered, “of course I would never presume to discipline Will on your behalf.”

“Nor are your suggestions towards his behavior welcome,” Hannibal told him firmly. “Will’s behavior today was far beneath what I expect from him, but nor was I pleased with yours.”

“ *My* behavior?”

“You push him too hard, Jack. He’s not a toy.”

Jack’s eyes narrowed, shoulders straightening to widen his chest. “I have a job, Doctor, one that requires a lot of precision and concentration, especially from my team.”

“I well understand, Jack,” Hannibal replied blithely, “and yet, I will still ask that you refrain from pushing Will to the limits of his patience. Should he act out while I am not here to supervise, I would be happy to hear from you, and punish him accordingly at home. I would be less happy to hear you’d chided him yourself.”

“And if he becomes disruptive?” Jack added, voice louder, though it did little to raise Hannibal’s own. “If we have a situation like this evening where his emotions got the better of him and he had nothing to give me?”

“Will is a very passive individual, Jack, he’s submissive by nature. Unless provoked, he is unlikely to speak out of turn to a dominant. If he does,” Hannibal shrugged gently, adjusting a cufflink. “I’ll be sure to take him in hand with more permanent measures. But only if.”

Jack scoffed. “If.”

For a moment they stood at an impasse, Hannibal adjusting his appearance like a cat preening, Jack defensive in his movements and posturing. Finally, he sighed, a slow release of air.

“I will not push Will where I don’t think he can go,” Jack ceded. “But I would appreciate it if you could have Will in a mental space to properly respect the work he deals with, and the team around him.”

Hannibal inclined his head, a deliberately physical acquiescence. “Of course, Jack.”

Perhaps Jack would have liked to discuss the matter further, but Hannibal was finished. He had a boy to check on and another punishment to deliver. Will would quickly learn a break was not the blessing he thought it was.

But first, Hannibal would check on him, hold him if he needed it, give him whatever reassurance he was seeking. His boy was worth far more to him than the hurt feelings of Jack Crawford.

End Notes

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